

ELLEN OSBORN'S NEW YORK FASHION LETTER

Winter Hats and How to Make Them, with a Few Hints on the Art of Combining Colors and Materials.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Peggy was telling me this morning about her winter hat.

She said:

"It is the most delicious thing I ever wore. I took with me a comb and brush, and all my different side combs. I picked out the best saleswomen, that tall, slim, dark girl, you know, that has so much patience; and made her find me a comfortable seat in the quietest little show-room."

"Then I had her bring me hats. I don't know how many I tried on, I believe there were twenty-three different shapes, and I tried them all without trimming, and then two or three of each trimmed. Of course there were chapeaux and hand mirrors and first we had the window shades up, and then we had them down. I made her get me all the new styles of veils to try with them, and—"

"With the window shades?" I asked.

"Yes, of course. I tried the veils and hats with as much light as possible, and with as little. And the girl was so nice. She helped me with my hair, low and with it high. I never was so tired, but it paid."

"You got a hat that suited you?"

"Perfectly. I shall never trade anywhere else; they do have the best styles."

"May I see the hat?" I murmured.

"Why, yes, to-morrow; I shall make it until this evening."

"You won't make it?" But I thought—"Really, Ellen, you are the most stupid—You hadn't an idea that I meant to pay \$45 for an imported hat, when I have my winter coat and all the children's dresses to see to? I always trim my own hats, but how am I to know what to get unless I go and see the styles? Of course these girls are hired

self confronted by mares' nests of velvet and feathers that would have made her forget her own name long before she thought of inquiring their prices.

Nevertheless, the beautiful hat exists, and with such modifications as conscience may suggest, Peggy's system is correct; the beautiful hat and the fashionable hat is, for every woman, the hat that is becoming.

First as to shape. The most distinguished hats of the season are, without doubt, the large Directoire and cabriolet hats with strings. To women of many styles and many ages these shapes are distinct-



STRINGS ARE ATTACHED TO ALL HATS OF THE CABRIOLET SHAPE.

elites to those who are tired of the standard blacks, whites and grays.

Marie Antoinette hats have not gone out, any more than Gainsboroughs, Rubens and Tintoretto. The Wagner is a hat with rather a wide, spreading crown, rather high, the Welsh crown, the much-room crown and the side-tipped brims are seen.

Peggy's hat—she has recalled her prophecy that it would not be trimmed before evening—has just been brought to me. It has rather a prettily bent brim, curving down a trifle on the sides, and is of black velvet, with a soft, bow-



THE SEASON'S POKE



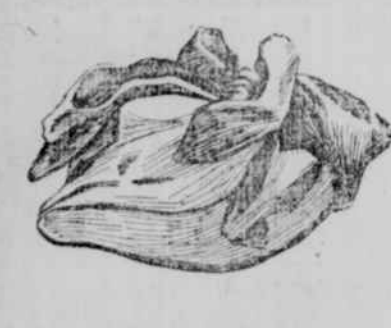
A ROLLING VELVET BRIM IS BECOMING TO PRETTY HAIR.



HAT OF HUNTER'S GREEN VELVET WITH PLUMES OF WOOD BROWN.



A SIMPLE MATTER IN VELVET WITH TWO ORDINARY PLUMES.



MARIE ANTOINETTE BLUE VELVET WITH DARKEST LEAF GREEN IN A TOQUE.



CAN BE WORN WELL FRONT OR FAR BACK.



THIS HAT ABSOLUTELY REQUIRES TWO VERY LONG OSTRICH FEATHERS.



AN OLD-FASHIONED SHAPE VERY BECOMING TO FRESH YOUNG FACES.



THIS CLASSIC SHAPE CAN BE WORN ON ANY OCCASION.



THIS SERVICEABLE HAT IS TRIMMED WITH A SPREADING BOW AND TWO WHITE WINGS.

to show things. To be sure I did take her whole morning."

"And afterwards?"

"And afterwards, I went to Blank's, they are cheaper, you know—and got a shape bent and wired just like the one I liked best, and bought my own materials."

I am used to Peggy's ways of reasoning and I make no comment on them. I have another friend, who—not being able to turn milliner—takes the owner of a little neighborhood shop with her to one of the most elaborate "openings," picks out the Paris confection that suits her, and has it copied by the small neighborhood hat-trimmer at about one-fourth the former price, on an average, of the imported creation.

The soaring prices of millinery are largely accounted for by these and other curious feminine devices; and yet the average home milliner is honest and resourceful, and is fully entitled to the hints and helps she gets from the sellers of untrimmed shapes and from the multiplication of "made" bows and hats that need but a few gaudy touches.

The deepest pitfall in the path of the amateur milliner this autumn is the messiness, and when the professional leans that way also, the result is some thing to admire—"wonder at" is the original meaning.

In this search for the picturesque, the new hats are piled so high and swathed so deep with superfluous ornaments that the symmetry of the head and figure is lost in these monuments of misdirected industry. Peggy—may your worst of her—has taste, and the chances are she stole twice as many hours of the amiable but unhappy saleswoman's time as might otherwise have satisfied her, because in her marauding expedition she found her-

ly beautifiers; and, unlike other varieties of the picture hat, they may be attempted at least occasionally by the home milliner. This is because the hat itself is of consequence, while the trimming, though it ought to be rich, may be simple.

An exception must be made against those Directoire whose brims—of velvet—are elaborately stitched. An attempt to reproduce these at home usually ends in disaster. But equally in the mode are brims faced with soft folds of chiffon, with chiffon knots resting against the hair. And to offset this limitation, chiffon, unless one's features are classic, is apt to be far the more becoming.

Over the brim of a cabriolet hat should not four or five long black plumes; and, fastening the velvet strings at the back, should be several small rhinestone buckles or pins. The strings may be, according to taste, an inch or two inches wide, and must be long enough to tie handsomely under the chin.

Plumes will be the feature of the coming winter. At an earlier date it looked as if whole birds and brilliant breasts would be the novelty. But while these will be used enormously, they have not taken anything into the head in the modern mode as we are seeing and wearing as usual fashions.

Certainly, for the woman of moderate means, plumes have an advantage possessed by almost no other trimming. An expenditure sufficient to secure really good ostrich feathers results in the possession of ornaments, not permanent in the sense that lace is permanent, but certain to do duty for many seasons in many different ways. The new shadow plumes showing bright tints below and the natural hues above, are welcome nov-

shaped, swathing crown. Two glorious, gray ostrich plumes are arranged in one side, and are caught in front by a large steel buckle, which also confines some puffy bows of black velvet. There is absolutely no other trimming except some black ribbon knots behind, against the hair, but I agree with Peggy that she has not had anything so artistically perfect for her in many years.

Other large hats, heavily trimmed at home, but not recommended except for piquant faces sure of their becomingness, have wide velvet brims and Tam O'Shanter crowns made of bandanna velvet handkerchiefs, or else of soft sash silk or Oriental satin bandannas. Whole toques are made of these handkerchiefs so knotted as to leave coquettish, earlike ends sticking up at the sides. However pretty in its inception, a fashion like this is almost certain to become vulgarized.

Draped turbans in plain and fancy velvets can be managed by clever women and will have a good run until spring. Turbans, as well as toques, are of considerable size, and along with them are shown odd French bonnets. The poke of the season is a somewhat short-backed scoop shape, and is suited only to Madonna faces. It is often trimmed, inconspicuously, with rollicking bunches of feathers.

DRINK

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Opposite P. O.,

Richmond, Va.

NEW PHONE, 521, OLD, 206.

or scarlet—are other idols of the tailor-made girl; they have brims of white stretched kid and are faced with black velvet.

Hats of tan or gray broadcloth are high in vogue. These are not draped hats, like the usual cloth toques, but have straight, stiff brims.

A little later in the season fur hats will be as fashionable as they were last winter. These thus far shown have been trimmed with lace almost exclusively.

The prettiest hats for evening are the shirred tulle toques in soft, bright colorings.

The newest millinery ornaments are buckles, slides, and clasps of enameled flowers and jewels in combination. A spray of panies, powdered with cambrion emeralds, forms one bar of a big, brilliant buckle, designed to hold a bunch of wood-brown plumes on a hat of hunter's green.

The question of color is one that home milliners and others should consider most carefully. When the hair is no longer all black or brown, but is neither quite white nor quite gray, a hat brim faced with black, especially a rich black, like that of velvet, should be scrupulously avoided. A facing of white lace—on a black hat is desired—will, by contrast, put color into the hair. The new shades of blue might be employed with advantage.

As a rule, blondes are too fond of pink and brunettes of scarlet. It is only a certain class of dark beauties that can afford to wear the bright poppy reds. Yellow suits blondes and brunettes almost equally, but with the darker woman it should approach the orange shades, with the fairer, the straw colors.

ELLEN OSBORN.

The Skeptic's Philosophy.

(Written for The Times.)

Oh man, that sits the awful age
Twixt life and death, so known as time,
Canst thou account for thy brief stay
Or reckon on thy next abode?
The master's touch is in the mould;
No sculptor ever wrought before
An image half so fair as thine.
Yet all thy life were but a day.
The bending canopy of night
That marks thy transient stay,
Fashioned to rule the world thy throne—
Each element of nature in thy hand,
Grand possibilities were thine.
Couldst thou the morrow see?
Thou claimst for thyself some unborn
spark,
Blown into flame by time—fanned by eter-

ernity.
Yet were the shadows of thy silent tomb
Unlit to mortal eye. The end
Of all thy plans were hid in death.
The very incandescent orb above
That scintillating saw thy birth
Hath watched a myriad lights like thine,
As tapers burning in a night,
Paler and paler grow, until out,
So will the mortal, babbling brook
His oft told song still murmur on
When thou art gone. The mighty peaks
That with majestic air have stood
Unmoved by all the storms of time,
Will proudly rise in bold command
Above thy sleeping bones. And when,
For aught I know, the stars are forgot,
The stars will yet be twinkling on,
Nor pale their glimmering lights.
Survive thee! yes, the very dust,
Parent of thee and all thy kind,
Will chant its solemn requiem.
O'er thy door silent come,
Is this thy boasting and thy pride?
Then shows me that mysterious hand
That rends the curtain of the tomb
And makes for thee another day
Unbounded by an evil night.
That I may know and understand
That death is not a "dreamless sleep"
But only immortality.

H. WERT HOLLOWAY.

Ashland, Va., Oct. 26, 1899.

October Woods and Waysides.

Curious fungi, orange or brown, stand out from tree trunk or fallen logs. They

chew themselves seem, and we fall to wonder-
ing what woodfolk use them.

Not the squirrels, for they hide their store of nuts in hollow-trees, and out-of-the-way crannies. Not the nut hatch for this bird has the curious habit of setting its favorite nut in the crotch of a tree.

What is it then, what tiny brown one, waved and mottled with white?

It is astonishing what two minutes of absolute silence will do for one in the woods. If we sit still long and watch carefully, we shall soon see that the brown bunch suddenly expand, and then a long, queer thrill. We hear such sounds in the wood-wall about us, and our little friend lying on the fungus has just added his note. He is the lily, a piping frog, who greeted us from his bog last April, and now no longer aquatic, is quite at home among the trees, and will keep the wood musical till November.

Look in the vines growing over your piazza, look in the shrubs upon your lawn, then you will find another of these shrill voiced vocalists. You must look long and well before your eyes distinguish him from the greens and browns which he is nestled among. It is the Acris crypsis.

When does he rest these autumn days? All day long the air is filled with his shrill chirping. Wake in the night and listen—he is at it still. His fall season may not be long, but he utilizes it.

"There's a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
Neath the window of my cottage in the trees;
And with dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.
Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy the merry rout,
And the fireflies range themselves upon a log.
While the fireflies furnish
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog."
From Vick's Magazine for October.

A Prolonged Address.

"Does your wife talk until she gets the last word?"

"Yes, and she talks after that, too."

Chicago Record.

HAPPINESS IS EFFECTIVE LABOR

This is the Opinion of Bourke Cochran on Success.

NOTHING ELSE ABLE TO GIVE IT.

The Most Miserable are Those Whose Lives are Devoted to So-Called Pleasure—Knowledge and Wealth Don't Solve Problem

I assume no life can be deemed successful unless it be a happy one. Happiness is the object of universal endeavor, and happiness alone is success. Of course, when we speak of a happy life we do not mean a condition of uninterrupted bliss. Sickness, death and other disasters lie in wait for every man—even the most successful—making difficult the progress which overcomes them—wounding and blistering the feet which they can not arrest. The cup of success can not be quaffed without tasting some bitter draught of disappointment. Perfect happiness is not of this earth. By a successful life we mean not one which has escaped all sorrow, but one which by comparison with others has achieved a large degree of happiness.

To discuss success intelligently, it is then necessary to agree upon what it is. Having ascertained in what it consists, we can consider how it must be achieved and how it may be maintained.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS? Some wise men hold that fame is pothosomous and notoriety contemporaneous, but without pausing to consider the grounds of that belief that it is certain that the only fruit which fame or notoriety brings to its living possessor is the sense that his fellow men are curious about him. To be gazed at in the street or in a public conveyance seems upon the mind; from being a source of satisfaction it becomes a source of embarrassment. The prominence which has cost a lifetime of industry and self-denial to acquire can be forfeited in a moment by an ill-considered act or a maladroitness expression. This sense of insecurity in its possession robs it of all enjoyment, and speedily convinces any man with sufficient will to become conspicuous that no one can be considered famous until he is dead. A reward which can be enjoyed only beyond the grave is not a temporal success, and, therefore, it is not within the purview of the discussion.

Is power happiness? Ask the possessor of it and he will tell you that it is an obstacle to all contentment. Power is a good deal like commercial credit: a



W. BOURKE COCHRAN, SKETCHED FROM LIFE

man can possess it only while he refrains from using it for his own benefit. An attempt to utilize it for personal gratification destroys it. Wherever power exists it must be exercised chiefly for its own preservation; and this is true whether the potentate be the Czar of all the Russias or the boss of an American city. The imperial autocrat cannot appoint an incompetent favorite to the command of his armies without exposing his throne to destruction by foreign invasion or domestic revolt. He cannot even gratify his own caprice in the appointment of a spy; for this very life depends upon the detective vigilance of his police. The American boss must use all his power to enlist the aid of those best qualified to maintain his boss-ship.

The utmost that a life devoted to study can hope to accomplish is to discover the fountain of knowledge; not one of us can ever hope to slake his thirst at it. If knowledge be happiness, then indeed is happiness unattainable.

Is wealth happiness? Look at those who possess it and tell me if you think they are a happy race. Who that has observed in these catacombs of modern cities called safe deposits, the owners of millions, gloomy as the passages through which they move, silently—almost furtively—to compartments, appropriately named vaults, where in an isolation absolute as the grave, they count their securities or change them, will say that, judged by appearances, the very rich lead lives of unclouded joy. The millionaire always appears to be melancholy, but nowhere is he so sad as in the midst of his treasures. He is the only human being who, by the common observation of all men has never shown gaiety, and who is universally considered incapable of it. I have heard of jolly beggars, but no one has ever heard of jolly millionaires. The cripple sometimes smiles at the bed to which he is chained. The blind are cheerful in the occupations to which their affliction restricts them. It is as natural for a workman to sing while the object of his labor assumes a form in which it will be at once the monument of his industry and the source of his wages, as it is for a mother to sing over the cradle of the child she has borne. But who ever heard of a millionaire singing a comic song or whistling a merry tune as he clips coupons in a suburban car?

WHAT IT IS.

It is health, power, fame and knowledge.



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are not happiness, in what does it consist? Is it unattainable? No, it is not unattainable, it is not even difficult to reach. It is at our feet and as often happens we stumble over the substance which is close to us while straining after its shadow in the distance. Happiness consists not in our possessions, but in ourselves, not in what we have, but in what we are. I think happiness may be defined as absorption in some form of effective labor. You may say some men are unhappy though they work every day—may some men declare their occupations are sources of discontent because they are arduous. Do not be deceived. A man's hands may be busy yet he may be unhappy, but it is because his mind is not occupied by his task. Where all the faculties, mental and physical, are ab-

for your services—to provide theatres for your abilities. Above all, let no one expect to himself neglect of the task at his hand by the delusion that he would be industrious if he found a more congenial occupation. A man often tries to explain his own inefficiency by persuading himself that he is fitted for some higher kind of labor.

"Here I am," he says, "doomed to obscure toil when I am fitted by natural ability and educational equipment to direct the labor of others—condemned to pass my days adding up columns of figures while I am capable of directing the largest financial institution in the country."

The way to reach a higher field of labor is not to neglect but to cultivate assiduously that in which you find yourself.

OBSTACLE NOT A BAR.

But some one will say, if the possessors of wealth are among the least happy of the human race and if effective labor be certain to produce wealth, if I seek happiness in active absorbing occupation will I not be following a vicious circle, where the very success of the pursuit will defeat its object? I do not define wealth as an insuperable bar, but as a formidable obstacle to happiness. Like all other obstacles it facilitates when mounted, the approach which originally it had obstructed. To hold that effective labor is happiness, would indeed be absurd. Wealth is capital and capital is essential to the efficiency of labor. A man can labor without capital, but not effectively. With his bare hands he might in a day turn over a few inches of earth, but with a plow he can cultivate several acres in the same time. The capitalist is a captain of industry, the laborer is a soldier in its ranks. The post of command imposes greater difficulties in front of him; whatever the result of his efforts he is certain of the sympathy and affection of his fellows. The commander, as we have recently had abundant occasion to observe, must overcome not merely the obstacles before him but he must often refute and confront a cloud of critics behind him.

THE MOST MISERABLE.

Those whose lives are utterly miserable are those who devote their wealth to so-called lives of pleasure. The possession of a fortune does not necessarily lead to idleness; properly used it may afford the means of a wider field of industry. Whoever utilizes capital in industrial pursuits is necessarily a servant of the community. The more extensive his fortune the more arduous his employment. If his revenues far exceed his expenditures he must find an investment for the surplus. The larger that surplus, the more time he must devote to its investment. The greater his income then the less time he can devote to dissipation or idle indulgence.

However obscure your station you can do something to raise the standard of Christian morality, and of individual prosperity by making your own lives useful. Thus will you raise yourselves to fields of higher labor, wider usefulness and greater respect; thus will your days be fruitful; thus will all your nights be restful; thus, will the highest success be yours—the success which is not to be measured by the possessions in your hands, but by the peace in your hearts—the success which enables every exercise of your faculties, which sheds the light of happiness over your life while it lasts and closes it with that satisfaction, that confidence, that majesty, with which the just man sinks to his final sleep—passing through the bosom of the earth on which his labor has been loyal, to the bosom of his God where his repose will be eternal.

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